DIOGENES Lanthorne.

(141)

In *Athens* I ſeek for honeſt men,
But I ſhall find them God knows when.

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I'le ſearch the City, where if I can ſee
One honeſt man, he ſhall go with me.

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¶ Prologue.

AN odde dayes work *Diogenes* once made,
And 'twas to ſeek an honeſt man, he ſaid:
Thorow *Athens* with a candle he did go,
When people ſaw no cauſe he ſhould do ſo:
For it was day-light; and the Sun did ſhine,
Yet he into an humour did incline,
To check mens manners with ſome odd croſſe-jeſt,
Whereof he was continually poſſeſt.
Full of reproofes: where he abuſes found,
And bold to ſpeak his mind, whoever frownd.
He ſpake as free to *Alexander's* face,
As if the meaneſt Plow-man were in place.
'Twas no mans perſon that he did reſpect,
Nor any calling: Vice he durſt detect.
Imagine you do ſee him walk the ſtreets,
And every one's a knave with whom he meets.
Note their deſcription, which good cenſure craves,
Then judge if he have cauſe to count them knaves.

Samuel Rowlands.

DIOGENES

in his Lanthorne humour.

NOw fie upon ſeeking honeſt men in knaves skins, I am even as weary as ever was Plato's dog. Not a Street, Lane, or Alley, in all the City of Athens, but I have trod it, and cannot meet a man worthy the giving good morrow to. Why what raſcals are theſe? Have they baniſhed honeſt men out of the Town quite: Alas poor virtue, what haſt thou done to deſerve this contempt? Baſe is thy attire; as thred-bare is thy apparell as my gown: thy company out of requeſt, for thou haſt walked ſo long alone, that thou art even walked away with thy ſelf: there is no goodneſſe to be found, all is ſet upon villany: Yonder walks Bribery, taken for an honeſt ſubſtantiall grave Citizen; Yea marry is he, pray make him one of your Common-Counſell.

There goes Cruelty and Extortion. put off your hatts all to him: It is wel done, he is one of the principall and beſt in the parish, he hath born all offices and never did good; a moſt abominable rich fellow: But how the Devill came he by his wealth? Widows, widows, three or foure old ruſty Gold-getting widows have crowned him with their wealthes, and that wicked Mammon is dearer to him than his own ſoul; Nay, if hee had five thouſand

soules, he would sel them all for five thousand Duckets of gold.

Stay, let me see, what is he? O, it's Prodigality, and his whore a Gentleman and a Gentlewoman, they are walking towards the suburbs to a bawdy-house for their recreation. Ponder rides the Bawd in her Coach before, and they two come leisurely with a por behind but will all meet together anon, to make work for the Chyrurgion, who will answer their loose bodies with the squirt.

Now I'le assure you, though I laugh but seldom, I must needs make merry with ponder alle: why, he's trapt for all the world like Alexanders horse, such a feather in his head so begarded, and the very same trot: I have known his father well, he was a most grave Senator in regard of his gray beard and did much little good in the City, got wealth and piled up gold, even as they pile up stock-fish in Islands, and now his Son (the second part of a fool has all: Ah! marry what doth he with it? stay let me snuffe my candle, and I'le tell you presently; Even like one of Signiour Scatter-goods Politicians, he divides into parts: A great portion for Dicing, a great summe for drinking, a parcell for whoreing, a motty for Pride, a third to dancing, six shares and a halfe for swaggering, and all the remainder for beggery. Walke along knave, walke along.

Who have we next come crèeping with the palsie in his joynts, a great leather pouch by his side, as large as a Gammon of Bacon, long stockings, and a fine coat, crosly barred with Velvet to his knees? Stay, light light, let me see, Oh I know the damned slave; 'tis Mounsir Usury, what a lean, lank, thin gut it is; he lookes marvellous like a long empty Cats-skin purse: I would I had his skin to make me a summer pair of buskins.

O what a blessednesse it is to me, that I never came into such a villaines clutches. What does hee pray as hee goes, his chaps walke so fast? No, the Rogue is ruminating upon his pawnes, he chewes the Cud in contempla-

tion

tion of Bonds and Bils; I dare beſwoꝛn he never champs ſo much upon his dinner oꝛ ſupper, foꝛ his paneh cries out on him, and all his guts in his pudding-house rumble, and grumble at their ſlender allowance. Hæ objects the old pꝛoverb to his belly, Many a Sack is tyed up beſo e it be full. I would I had the dieting of him ſome month with my rats, I would ſend him deꝛper under the ground than ere they grew, the Canibal ſhould never feꝛd moꝛe upon poꝛe men, and play the Dice maker with their bones: hang him Rogue, hang him.

How now thou dꝛunken knaue, canſt not ſee, but to reele upon me? I would I had been ware of thee, thou ſhouldſt have boꝛn me a good bang with my ſtaffe, what a ſlave is this? as I live I was almoſt down.

Look how his Cloak hangs, one ſide to his ancles, and the other ſide to his elbow: his ſteps take the Longitude and the Latitude: Hoiſe, hoiſe, This fellow is now in his owne conceit, mightily ſtꝛong, foꝛ he dareth fight with any man: he is exceeding rich ſcoꝛneth money, and cares not foꝛ twenty thouſand pounds: he is marvellous wiſe, and tut, tell not him, foꝛ he knowes more then any man whatſoever. what is he that dares refuſe to pledge him? As ſure as death, if he could ſee oꝛ finde his dagger, ſtabs would be dealt: Harke how the villain ſweares, there is all his Hoſtes hath in pawn foꝛ his ſcoꝛe, yet he is a paſſing good cuſtomer foꝛ utterance, about a barrell a day goes down his gutter. So, take him in there at the red Lattice; he has caſt Anchoꝛ at the blew Anchoꝛ foꝛ this day. Fill him of the beſt, foꝛ he is one of the beſt gueſts that ever tok up ſcoꝛen water with Chalked credit on a poſt. Out upon him, on upon him: I'le read his deſtiny; Die in a ditch, knave, oꝛ end in an Hoſpitall, raſcall, chuſe whether thou will.

How lookes yonder fellow? What is the matter with him trow? has he eaten Bul-beef? Where is a lofty ſlave moved, he is in the Altitudes; Oh it, you Maſter Ambition? I would be glad to ſee you hanged a while foꝛ an ob-

acquaintance; a great man with the Emperour, I'le assure you, a great man with the Emperour: his voice is heard in the Court now, and his fathers voice was accustomed to be heard in the City; for I have heard him many a time and often cry Brooms in Athens: a good plaine honest man and dealt much with old Cheos. I heard him once tell this proud knave; being then a boy, a good discourse of Justice out of a Broom. Sirra (said he) here is a Birch to correct you in child-hood, and when you grow to be a great lubber, here is a staffe to belabour you with. If that will not serve to amend you, why then here is a good Withe to hang you up. Amen, said I, he is growing to it apace; aspiring to rise high, plotting is become mighty: and what tooles hath he out of the Divells shop, to performe this worke? Treason, Treason, he will ascend by treason although he climbe the Gallows for it, and crack his neck in coming down again. If I salute him and put off my cap. I would my Lanthorn were in my belly Virtue, scorns him, I know him not: strout along Sirra; for thou hast not long to strout it.

More knaves abroad yet? Wonder is Boasting and Presumption: I hold my life as old as I am, I'le take his Rapier from him with my walking staffe: he is all sound and breath, tongue and talke, feareth no man, careth for no man, beholding to none: but try his valour, put him to it see what is in him, dare him to the proofe, and then is my empty fellow like a water-buble flying in the aire, till a puffe crack him: I never knew, since I knew reason, a worthy fellow, prove a worthy fellow: a man must set his hand to his man-hood, and finger it, it will not bee had with wounds and blood, heart and nailes, as every rascally knave maketh account. When two curs met, all the while they barke they have no leisure to bite. Alexander had a bragging Souldier, that swore he had killed five hundred men with fillips: yet this fellow swore the Peace against a woman that had broken his head with his owne dagger. And the other day I followed a couple of notori-

ous

ons braggers into the field: one swore he would imbrew his Rapiers hilt in the bowels of his foe, the other vowed to make him eat Iron and Steel like an Ostridge. When they came to the place appointed, both drew their weapons, laid them presently down, and fell to buffets for a bloody nose; which I seeing ran to the Town and cried Murder, murder, and so brought three hundred people together to laugh at them, I could tell many like examples of Signior Feather Cap, and his fellow, but that I spie another knave coming that puts me out.

It is Contention, (nay I'le go low enough to the kennell, thou shalt not tuckle me for the wall) look how hee stares, for how he frownes: he has had a paire man in Law these three years for binding his dog Come out Cucolds-Cur: Yet if the dog could speak, he would bear witnesse against his Master, for Borne worke that he had seen wrought by his Pittris in her Chamber to make her Husbands night cap of.

Dy strife is the summe of his desires, it is the solace of his soul, he is never well at hearts ease, if he be not wrangling with one or other: I'le try it by the Law (sayes he) the Law shall judg it: I'le come to no agreement but by Law: I'le pinch him by the Law; I have a hundred pound to spend in Law: and all Law, Law; yet he himself is altogether void of equity, he will neither take wrong, nor do right; bites his poor neighbour doggedly by the back, scornes his superiour, tramples upon his inferiour, and so he may be wrangling, cares not with whom it be, to keep his hand in ure. He never went to bed in charity, in his life, nor never walks without meditating shrewd turns. Oh he loves wonderfully to be feeding upon the bread of strife, and imitateth the Camels which delight to drink in troubled pooles, Well hee shall joyne no neighbour-hood with me for it; my Tun stands far enough off from his house; I had rather have a Bear to my next neighbour, then such a brabling Rascall: Go walk a knave in the horse Fair, I have nothing to say

to

to thee, but farewell, and be hanged and when thou art going that journey, take all thy fellows with thee.

Well met, or rather ill met, Hypocrite: Ah thou smooth faced villain with thy fawning tongue, art thou become a Citizen too? then look about you plaine fellowes, you shall be sure to want no deceit, he hateth swearing, so do I: it is well done to hate it: but he loves lying, and will overreach you in a bad bargaine, or with false weight, and measure: Yes indeed, I truly will he. He will sigh, and say, that grie conscience now awayes, and then makes his owne actions bear witnesse to it, by Yea, and Nay, if he can, hee will deceive you.

Look to his hands, hearken not to his tongue, and say I have given you fair warning, for a Philosopher hath been cousened by him, and had rather have it said Diogenes was deceived then to have it reported, he is a deceiver: I payd for a better Cap then I weare, and my Gown is worth scarse halfe the money it cost me: marry what remedy: Nothing I have learned by it only, A knack to know a knave: And while I live, I will look better to it: Yes truly and I indeed: Hypocrite shall never sell me good words again while he liveth. I'le never buy breath more for money; If a thiefe should meet me in going home and take away my purse, I would say I met with an honester man than he that cousened me in the buying of my gowne: for the thiefe would prove a man of his word, and tell me what I should trust to, in peremptory tearmes of Stand, deliver your purse.

But my Gowne-mother promised me good stuffe, Truly, a great penny-worth, Indeed and Verily did gull me: But let me take my leave of my purse; he is a villain, an arrant villain, and I could even find in my heart to eat his Liver fried with parsly to morrow morning to breakfast.

How now! What's the matter? whither goes all this hurly burly? He's a Cutter indeed. Now I see, now I see Cousenage the swaggerer is carried to Prison, I hear the

the people say he hath stabbed the Constable, beat the Watch, broke the Tapsters head, and lien with his Hostesse.

Here is no villain: I pray you search his pocket; I told you as much, false heart, false hand, and false dice. What crooked tooles are these in his other pocket? Pick-locks, Pick-locks: this fellow lives by his wits, but yet belongs not to Wits Common-Wealth: he swears he is a Gentleman, but of what house? Harry of Cheaters Ordinary, an ingenious slave, that works a living out of hard bones and has it at his fingers ends: every man with him is a very Rogue and a base Gull: he threatens stabs, and death, with heart, wounds, and blood; yet a bloody nose hath made him call for a Chirurgion. He scorns to dwell in a suite of apparrell a week, this day in satten, to morrow in sackcloth; one day all new, the next day all seam rent; now on his back, anon at the Brokers: and this by his reckoning is a Gentlemans humour. Sure I cannot deny but it may bee so: but I pray then, what humour is the Gentleman in? He is is never (in my opinion) like to prove Gentleman by that humour.

Away with him, away with him, make sure work chein and kennell him up in a Geale, make him a Knight of the dolorous Castle.

He will do far better tied up, then loose at liberty: let him not play the wandring Pilgrim in any case: there is no remedy for such wild fellows, but to tame them in a dungeon of darknesse; follow him close, Watchmen with your Halberts, lest he shew you a new dance, called Runaways Galliars. So, so, by this time he lyes where hee is like to prove lowsie, if there be not some speedy remedy used with a medicine made of Hempseed to kill the itch.

Who have we next pray? I should know him by his villainous scurvy looks, he makes a wry mouth, and has a grinning countenance, for all the world like Detraction: why it is hee indeed, a rope stretch him, has not the Crowes pickt out his eyes yet: See how he laughs to himselfe at

 yonder

yen or plain Gentlewoman in the old fashion, because shee has not the trash and trumpery of mistriss Loose-legs about her.

Dost thou deride Civility, Knave? is decency become ridiculous? look upon thy self, thou rascall, look upon thy self, whom all the wise men in the world may laugh to scorn indeed.

Thou hast nothing in thee (if thy inside were turned outward) worthy of the least commendation, and yet such villains will ever be scoffing, deriding, and detracting from those of the best spirits; and worthiest endeavours: Learned mens works, industrious mens travells, grave mens counsells, famous mens virtues, and wise mens acts, Detraction will spit venome at: nothing is well done that floweth-not from his dirty invention, he scoffs at them he knoweth not, and jests at them hee never saw. What a world is this, when a fool shall censure a Philosopher? A dolt, an idiot, one that hath wit in his heele and head alike, to condemn, and deprave natures miracles for wit, and wisdome.

This is he that can mend every thing that is ready made to his hand detracting from the worthinesse of every mans work: 'tis a villaine, a villaine bred and born. Hee came not long since along by my Tub-house, and scoffing at me, asked mee, Wherefore I made it not a Tap-house: Marry (quoth I) I have determined so to do, but I want such a rogue as thou art to make me a sign of. With that he called mee dogge. Said I, thou didst never hear mee bark but thou shalt feel me bite, and I thrust my pike staffe through his cheeks that I made his teeth chatter in his head like a Viper as he is.

Nay then we shall never have done, look where Jealousie is, as yellow as if he had the yellow Jaundise: his wife is an honest Woman (in my conscience) loyall, and true in Wedlock: but because he (like a fornicating rascall) useth common Curtezans, he thinks her courtesies and theirs are all alike to every man, come who will. His eyes fol

low-

lets her feet whereſoever ſhe goeth; if any friend chance to ſalute her, ſhe dares not reply, but muſt paſſe by ſtranger-like, without any token of courteſie: he ſweares ſhe is a Whore, and himſelf a large horn'd Cuckold, able to run full butt with all the Cuckolds in the Town.

Now he is grown to ſuch outrage, that hee is even frantick with jealouſie; ſometime proffering to lay Wagers, that no Bull dares encounter with his head, and that his horns are more precious than any Unicorn. The Haberdaſher cannot fit him with a hat wide enough: the Barber cannot trim his forehead cloſe enough: and yet the Poor hath made his beard thinne enough. He ſayes, he thinks there's not an honeſt Woman in Athens, to his knowledge, and the reaſon is, he is familiar with none but Whores; A bawdy houſe is for his bodily exerciſe, and he cannot live without his lechery; he hath Whores of all complexions, Whores of all ages, and Whores of all diſeaſes, and this is the cauſe that this villainous fellow deems all to be Whores. But Maſters mark the end of him that hath been into five times of the Poor; if he be not thoroughly Frenchefied, and well repayed for his Venery, then will I for ſeven years eat hay with the horſe. Well, I'le croſs the way to the other ſide of the ſtreet, before hee come to meet me; I dare not indure him, 'tis good keeping in a ſound skin: I would not be in his coat for Alexanders rich golden. But ſtinking knave, out, hold off thy Cart, knave wilt thou ever run me? Thy horſe hath more honeſty in him, than thou, for he avoids me, and thou draweſt upon me. Villain, ſo, curſe the Creatures that gets thy living, and ſee how then thou thrives by it. Thou blind knave, Porter, doſt rub upon me, with thy baskit and then ſayeſt, By your leave? Belike thou meanſt to juſtle me again: thou doſt ask me no leave the firſt time before hand. What brutiſh ſlaves do I meet with? My ſtaffe ſhall meet with ſome of you anon. Take thou that, knave, for crying Worms ſo loud in my eare. Here's a quoile indeed, your City ſhuffelings, rumbling, and tumbling is

not for my humour. What a filthy throat has that Dister-wife? I think it will eccho in my brain-pan this hour. This is the raging street of out-cries: I'le out walk it with all the speed I can.

Hitherto have I met with never an honest man; Well I'le burn out my candles end, and then make an end and get me home. So that is good to begin withall. Has your street never a Knave to encounter my first entrance, but Discord? Malum Omen, Malum Omen: This is he that setteth Countries and Kingdomes together by the ears, diseaseth Cities mutinies, and domesticall contentions; Prince against Prince. Nation against Nation, Kindred, neighbour friend, all at variance.

This is hee that calls Peace, with her Palm tree, Ill husswife, and sounds defiance throughout the whole world. You are wronged (sayes he) put not up such a vile indignity; this disgrace no man-hood can indure; your valour and reputation is in state of prejudice, 'tis wounded by such a one, and you cannot in any wise put it up, for the whole world takes notice of it, and all men will censure you.

This is the Rascall that made me fall out with Plato, call him proud fellow, and trample upon his hed, because it was some what handsomer, and better decked than mine. In all his life time (and I'le assure you 'tis an old, gray, lean, dry, rotten boned villain) he did never shew chearfull countenance, but at the sight of some mischief hee would rather bite his tongue thorow, than bid any man good morrow. So so, now it works; hee's got amongst a crew of scolding Fish-wives: off goes her head attire; have at the others throat, to her green waistcoat. Why now it workes like War.

Thrust in Cut-purse; for there's good pennie worths to be had amongst them; the Trade is like to be quick by and by. Customers come apace, make a privy search without a Constable. I'le stay no longer with you, a rope rid you all. Now fie upon thee, slovenly knave, when didst

thou

thou wash thy face? Hate's Sloth right in his kind: the Hat he weares all day, at Night becometh his Night-cap; his Frize Gown Skonce, wherein hee intrenches himselfe, is at least thirty thousand strong: Garter thy hose, beast; garter thy hose: or will the Pox endure no garter?

This fellow, I remember, coming to a Fig-tree being so extreamly lazy that he could not stretch his arm out to gather any, laid himself down upon his his back, and gaping, cried:

Sweet figs drop down in yielding wise,
For lazy will not let me rise.

This is he that riseth late, and goeth early to bed, up to eat, and down to sleep; scornes to labour (for he is as jointed as an Elephant) and rather than he would endure halfe an hours labour, he would willingly chuse a whole houres hanging; I know no use in the World for him, except to keep the City bread from moulding, and the Town liquor from souring.

This is hee that lying at ease upon his back, where a Cart was to passe, intreated the Carman to draw easie over him, for he could not rise yet, till his lazy fit was past. This is he that had rather bee lowsie than endure to have his shirt washed: and had rather goe to bed in hose and shoes, than stoop to put them off. Hee is fitted with a Wife, even part of his own humour for the other day heating broth for her Husbands breakfast, The Cat cryed mew in the porridge pot: Wife (said he) take out pur Pusse; alasse, how came she there? With that the took out the Cat by the ear, and stroking off the porridge from her into the pot, they two went lovingly to breakfast with it.

A shame take them both for all thy companions, for their broth is abominable. Who! then we shall never have done, here is hell broke loose, swarming together, Derision he goes before, scoffes every man he meeteth.

Dost laugh at my Lanthorn, Knave, because I use

 candle:

candle-light, by day? Why Villain it is to seek (such as you will never be) Honest men.

Violence he walkes with him: he will do injury to his own Father, if he can, all that he weareth on his back, and all that he puts in his belly, is got by oppression, wrong and cruelty: he careth not how he gets it, so he gets it, nor from whence he take it, so he have it.

Ingratitude makes one in this consort an inhumane, and uncivil fellow: if a man should do him a thousand good turns in a day he would never give him a thousand good words in a year for them.

Impatience is another of their fraternity, a raging knave, an unquiet turbulent rogue, he'l allow times for nothing, all is at a minutes warning that he calls for, or he will rage fall, curse, and swear, that a wise man would not for ten pound be within ten miles of him.

Who is the other? Hold up thy head knave.

O, 'tis Dulneſſe, the most notorious blockhead that ever pilled: instruct him till your tongue ake, he hath no eares for you, there's nothing in him but the Asses tittue, that's dull melancholy: how lumpishly he looks; Out Rascals, out, now a murrein take you all: I did never make a worse days work in my life, then I have done to day, here is a City well blest, so well provided I warrant you, I se if a man should need an honest mans help, where should he find him? Well, farewel, Athens, I and my Tub scorn thee and thy Citizens.

Diogenes lost labour.

Philosopher, thy labour is in vain:
Put out thy Candle get thee home again.
If company of honest men thou lack;
They are so scarce thou must alone go pack:
but if you please to take some knaves along,
Give but a beck, and store will flock and throng.
He that did vomit out his house and land,

Even

Even with a winke will ready come at hand:
And he of whom thou didſt ten ſhillings crave,
And thinking here again his almes to have,
Becauſe he was ſo Prodigall in waſte,
And to undo himſelf made wondrous haſte.
If thou hadſt room to flow him in thy Tun,
He will be ready both to go and run;
Or thoſe ſame drunken Fidlers thou didſt find
A tuning would, when they themſelves were blind,
Whom thou didſt with thy ſtaffe belabour well,
They'l ſing about the Tub where thou doſt dwell.
All thoſe that were preſented to thy ſight,
When thou ſoughtſt honeſt men by candle-light,
Make a ſtep back, they in the City be,
With many hundreds which thou didſt not ſee,
Houſes of Raſcalls, ſhops even full of Knaves:
Tavern and Ale-houſe fild with drunken ſlaves.
Your Ordinaries, and your common Inns,
Are whole-ſale-ware-houſes of common ſins,
Into a bawdy-houſe thou didſt not look,
Nor any notice of their capring took.
Bawds with their punks, and Pandets with their Straps,
Whores with their feathers in their Velvet caps.
Thoſe *Salamanders* that do bathe in fire,
And make a trade of burning luſts deſire,
That do ſalute them whom they entertain:
With *A pox take you till wee meet again*:
Nor they which daily Novices entice,
To lend them money upon cheating dice;
And in the bowling-alleys took with betting,
By three and four to one moſt baſely getting:
All theſe unſeen appear not to thy face,
With many a Cut-purſe in the Market place,
That ſearches pockets being ſilver lin'd,
If counterfeits about men he can find;
And hath Commiſſion for it ſo to deal,
Under the hang-mans warrant, hand, and ſeal.

Innumerable

Innumerable ſuch I could repeat,
That uſe the craft of Cony-catch and cheat,
The Cities vermine, worſe then Rats and Mice:
But leave the Actors to reward of vice.
He that reproves it, ſhewes a deteſtation;
He that corrects it, works a reformation.
Who do more wrongs and injuries abide,
Than honeſt men that beſt are qualifide?
They that do offer leaſt abuſe to any,
Muſt be prepared for enduring many.
But here's the comfort virtuous men do find,
Their hell is firſt, their heaven is behind,

Diogenes Morall.

A Cock ſtood crowing hard,
Faſt by a River ſide:
A Goſe in water hiſt at him,
And did him much deride.
The Cock in choller grew,
Mowing by him that made him,
That he would fight with that baſe Goſe,
Though all his Hens diſmaid him.
Come but a ſhore (quoth he)
White liver, if thou dare,
And thou ſhalt ſee a bloody day,
Thy throat ſhall ſoon be bare.
Baſe Cravant (ſaid the Goſe)
I ſcorn to bear the mind,
To come a ſhore amongſt a crue
Of craping dunghill kind:
Thy Hens will back thee there,
Come hither chaunting ſlave,
And in the water hand in hand
A combate we will have:
Here's none to interrupt,
I challenge thee come here;

If there be valour in my comb,
Why let it now appear
Enter the watry field,
I'le spoil thy crowing quite:
Why, boast not, come, O now I see
Thou hast no heart to fight.
The Cock most proudly marched on,
There was no want in him,
But sure the water was so bad
It would not let him swim.

Morall.

IT happens always thus,
When cowards do contend,
With wrangling words they do begin
And with those weapons end.
Nothing but vaunts are us'd.
Till triall should be made:
And when they come to action, each
Of other are afraid:
Then for to keep skins whole,
It is a common use,
To enter into some drunken league.
Or make a cowards excuse.

A Great assembly met of Spice,
Who with themselves did take advice
What plot by policy to shape,
How the bloody Cats might scape:
At length a grave and ancient Mouse
(Welsh the wisest in the house)
Gave councell (which they all lik'd well)
That every Cat should bear a bell:
For so (quoth he) we shall them hear,
And flie the danger which we fear:
If we but hear a bell to ring,
At eating Cheese or any thing.
When we are busie with the nip,

Into a hole we straight may skip.
This above all they liked best:
But quoth one Mouse unto the rest,
Which of us all dare be so stout,
To hang a bell Cats neck about?
If here be any let them speak,
Then all replied we are to weak:
The stoutest Mouse, and tallest Rat
Do tremble at a grim-fac'd Cat.

Moral.

THus fares it with the weak,
Whom mighty men do wrong,
They by complaint, may wish redresse,
But none of force so strong:
To work their own content,
For every one doth fear,
Where cruelty doth make a bode,
To come in presence there.

THe Owl being weary of the night,
Would progresse in the Sun,
To see the little birds delight,
And what by them is done;
But coming to a stately grove
All dect in pleasant green;
Whereas proud summers season strove
Most beauteous to be seen.
He lights no sooner on a tree
That Summers livery wears,
But all the little birds that be,
Were flockt about his ears.
Such wondring and such noise they kept,
Such crying and such weeping.
The Owl for anger could have wept,
Had not shame hindred weeping,
At length he made a solemn vow:

An

An Owl of me you make,
And for the time your scoffes and scornes
I patiently must take.
But ere to morrow light appear,
In dawning of the East,
Five hundred of you that are here
I will dispatch at least:
If that I crush you not most rare:
Why then Jove let me die:
A Titty mouse I will not spare,
Nor the least Wren doth fly.
And so at night, when all was hush,
The Owl with furious mind
Did search and pry in every bush
With sight when they were blind.
Herein their bones and flesh did break,
Their feathers flew in th' air,
and cruelly with bloody beak
Those little creatures tare.
Now I am well revong'd (quoth he)
For that which I have done,
And quitted all my wrongs by Moon,
Were offered in the Sun.

Morall.

GAinst mighty ones the weak of strength
May not themselves oppose,
For if they do, 'twill prove at length,
To wall the weakest goes.
The little shrubs must not contend
Against the taller trees:
Nor meaner sors seek to offend
Their betters in degrees;
For though amongst their own consorts,
Superiours they deride,
And wrong them much with false reports,
At length time turnes the Tide.
Then comes a change, the whiles they wrought,

In self-conceit though good,
May be in th'end too dearly bought
Even with the price of blood.

A Cobler kept a scurvy Crow,
A bird of basest kind,
And pains enough he did bestow,
To work her to his mind:
At length he taught her very well,
To speak out very loud,
God save the King: and troth to tell,
The Cobler then grew proud:
She was too good to hop about
Upon his old shoe stall,
But he unto the Court would strout,
His bird should put down all:
Their painted Parrats. So. he went
To Cesar with Jack-daw:
And said to him he did present,
Best bird that e're he saw.
The monarch gracious mind did shew
For Coblers poor good will,
And made a Courtier of the Crow,
Where he remained, until
He standing in a window, spied
His fellows flie along,
And knew the language which they cri'd
Was his own mothers song:
Away goes he the way they went,
And altogether flie,
A poor dead horse to tear and rent,
That in a ditch did lie;
When they had shar'd him to the bone,
Not a Crows mouthfull left,
To a Corn field they flie each one,
And there they fall to theft.
This life the Coblers Crow did chuse,

Picks

Picks living out of ſtraw,
And Courtly diet his refuſe,
Even like a ſwiſh Daw.

Morall.

HE that from baſeneſſe doth derive
The roct of his deſcent,
And by preferment chance to thrive,
The way that Jack-daw went.
Whether in Court or Common-wealth,
In City or in Town,
How e're he pledge good fortunes health,
Hee'l live and dye a clown.
Daws will be Daws though grac'd in Court,
Crows will be carions ſtill:
Like ever unto like reſort,
The bad embrace the ill.
And though even from a Coblers ſtall
He purchaſe land, what then?
With Coblers hee'l converſe withall
Rather then better men.

THe Lion in an humour once,
As with his pleaſure ſtood,
Commanded that on paine of death
Horn'd beaſts ſhould void the Wood:
Nor any one to tarry there,
That had an armed head.
This was no ſooner publiſhed,
But many hundreds fled:
The Hart, the Buck, the Unicorn,
Ramme, Bull, and Goat conſent,
With haſt, poſt haſt to run away,
Their dangers to prevent.
With this ſame crue of horned kind,
That were perplexed ſo,

A beast consorts upon whose head
Only a horn doth grow.
The Fox met him, and said, thou fool,
Why whither dost thou run?
Marry (quoth he) to save my life;
Hearest thou not what's done?
Horn'd creatures all have banishment,
And must avoid the place;
For they are charg'd upon their lives,
Even by the *Lyons* grace.
True, said the Fox, I know it well,
But what is that to thee?
Thou hast no horn, thy horn is fled,
'Tis evident to see.
I grant (quoth he) 'tis so indeed,
Yet nevertheless I'le flie;
For if't be taken for a horn,
May in what case am I?
Sure (said the Fox) it wisely done,
I blame thee not in this:
For many wrongs are daily wrought,
By taking things amisse.

Morall.

WIse men will ever doubt the worst
In that they take in hand.
And seek that free from all suspect
They may securely stand,
Removing every least offence,
That may a danger breed;
For when a man is in a pit,
It is too late take heed.
If mighty men do censure wrong,
How should the weak resist,
'Tis in vain to contend with him
That can do what he list.

The

The best, and most reposed life
That any man can find,
Is this, to keep a conscience free
From spotted guilty mind.

A Savage creature chanc'd to come
Where civill people dwelt,
Whom they did kindly entertain.
And courteous with him dealt:
They fed him with their choicest fare,
To make his welcome known,
And divers waies their humane love
Was to the wild man shown
At length the weather being cold,
One of them blew his nails,
The savage ask'd why he did so,
And what his fingers ails?
Marry (quoth he) I make them warm,
That are both cold and num:
And so they set them down to board,
For supper time was come.
The man that blew his nails before,
Upon his broth did blow;
Friend, saies the Savage, What means this,
I pray thée let me know?
My broth (seid he) is over-hot,
And I do cool it thus.
Farewell (quoth he) this déed of thine
For ever parteth us.
Hast thou a breath blows hot and cold,
Even at thy wish and will?
I am not for thy company,
Pray kéep thy supper still,
And heat thy hands, and cool thy broth,
As I have seen thée do:
Such double dealers as thy self,
I have no mind unto.

But will return unto the Woods,
Where I before have been,
Resolving every double tongue
Hath hollow heart within.

Morall.

A Heedfull care we ought to have,
When we do friends elect,
Their pleasing gesture, and good words
We are not to respect:
For courteous carriage oftentimes
May have an ill intent,
And words may graceless prove,
Without the hearts consent.
Let all avoid a double tongue
For in it there's no trust,
And banish such the company
All honest men, and just.
A counterfeits society
Is never free from danger:
And that man lives a happy life,
Can live to such a stranger.

WHen Winters rage and cruell stormes,
Of every pleasant tree
Had made the boughes stark naked all,
As bare as bare might be;
And not a flower left in field,
Nor green on bush or briet,
But all was rob'd in pitious plight
Of Summers rich attire,
The Grashopper in great distresse
Unto the Ant did come,
And said. Dear friend, I pine for food,
I pray thee give me some:
Thou art not in extreames with me,
I know thine ever care
For winters want, hard, and distresse,

In Summer doth prepare,
Knowest thou my care replyed the Ant,
And dost thou like it well?
Wherefore provid'st thou not the like?
Pray thee Grashopper tell.
Marry (said hee) the Summer time
I pleasantly do pass,
And sing out still full merrily,
In the delightfull grass:
I take no care for time to come,
My mind is on my song,
I think the glorious Sun-shine days
Are everlasting long.
When thou art hoarding up thy food,
Against these hungry days,
Inclines unto providence,
Pleasure I only praise.
This is the cause I come to thee
To help me with thy store.
Thou art deceiv'd, friend, said the Ant,
I labour not therefore:
'Twas not for you I did provide,
With tedious toylsome pains,
But that my self of labours past,
Might have the future gains.
Such idle ones must buy their wit,
'Tis best when dearly bought:
And note this lesson to your shame,
Which by the Ant is taught:
If Summer be your winning time,
When you no merry make,
Let Winter be your weeping time,
When you must penurance take.

Idor all.

NEgle& not time, for precious time
Is not at thy command:

But in thy youth, and able ſtrength,
Give providence thy hand.
Repoſe no truſt in others help,
Leſt they thy truſt do fail;
Thou mayſt complain in want,
But friends will vaniſh all.
They'l heap reproof upon thy head,
And tell thy follies paſt;
And all thy acts of negligence,
Even in thy teeth will caſt.
Thou mightſt have got, thou mightſt have gain'd
And lived like a man:
Thus will they ſpeak, filling thy ſoul
With extream paſſion then;
Prevent this fooliſh after-wit,
That comes when tis too late,
And truſt not overmuch to friends,
To help thy hard eſtate.
Make youth the Summer of thy life,
And therein loyter not:
And think the Winter of old age,
Will ſpend what Summer got.

A Luſty Begger that was blind,
But very ſtrong of limb;
Agree'd with one was lame of legge,
That he ſhould carry him:
Another was to guide the way,
For he had perfect ſight,
Upon condition, all they got
Should ſtill be ſhar'd at night:
Now, as they chanc'd to paſs along,
The Cripple that had eyes,
Sitting upon the blind mans back,
On ground an Oyſter ſpies.
Stoop, take that Oyſter up (quoth he)
That at thy feet lies there:
And ſo he did, and put it in

The Oyster which he did wear:
And going on a little way,
Says Cripple to the blind,
Give me the Oyster then lookest on,
I have chosen a mind.
Not so, said t'other by your leave,
In vain you do intreat it;
Surely I keep it for my self,
And do intend to eat it.
Ile have it Sir, the Cripple swore:
Who spied it, thou or I?
If that I had not seen, and spoke,
Thou wouldst have passed by:
It is no matter said the blind,
Thou knowst it might have been,
Had I not kept and took it up,
Therefore it shall be mine.
And so they hotly fell to words,
And out in choller brake,
With, thou lame rogue, any thou blind knave,
Not caring what they spake.
At length it happen'd one came by,
And heard them thus contend,
And did intreat them both, that he
Might this their discord end.
They yield, and say it shall be so:
Then he enquiring all,
Did hear their league, and how about
An Oyster they did brawl.
Said he, My masters let me see
The Oyster makes such strife:
The blind forth with gave it to him,
He quickly drew his knife:
And opening it, eat up the same
Giving them each a shell;
And said, Good fellows now be friends
I have your fish, farewell.

The beggers both deluded thus,
At their own folly smild,
And said, One subtill crafty knave,
Hath two poor fools beguild.

Morall.

WHen men for trifles will contend,
And vainly disagree,
That oft for nothing, friend, and friend
At daggers drawing be;
When no discretion there is used,
To qualifie offence:
But reason is by will abus'd,
And danger doth incense.
When some in fury seeks their wish,
And some in malice swelle,
Perhaps some Lawyers take the fish,
And leaves the Clients shells.
Then when their folly once appears,
They over-late complain,
And wish the wit of foregone years
Were now to buy again,

WIthin a green and gallant Grobe,
That wore green summers suite,
An Oxe, an Asse, an Ape, a Fox,
Each other kind salute.
And lovingly, like friends embrace,
And much good manners use:
Although the Oxe says to the Asse,
I pray thee friend, What news?
The Asse look'd sad, and thus replyed,
No news at all quoth he,
But I grow ever discontent,
When I do meet with thee.
The Oxe look'd strange, and stepping back,
Quoth he, Dear neighbour Asse.

Have

Have I wrong'd thee in all my life
Mouthfull of hay or graſſe?
Aſſure thy ſelfe, if that I had,
'Twould grieve me very much.
No, kind bedfellow, ſaid the Aſſe,
My meaning is not ſuch;
On Jupiter I do complain,
'Tis he wrongs me alone,
In arming thee with thoſe large horns,
And I poor wretch have none.
Thou wearest two weapons on thy head
Thy body to defend:
Againſt the ſtoutest Dog that barks
Thou boldly dar'ſt contend:
When I have nothing but my skin,
With two long foolish ears:
And not the baſeſt Goose that lives,
But hate or fury fears:
This makes me ſad, and dull, and ſlow,
And of a heavy pace;
When every Shepherds ſcurvy curr,
Doth brave me to my face.
Sure quoth the Ape, as thou art griev'd,
So I hard dealing find,
Look on the Fox, and look on me,
May view us well behind,
And thou wilt ſwear, I know thou wilt,
Except thy eye ſight fails,
That nature lack'd a pair of eyes,
When ſhe made both our tails:
I wonder what her reaſon was
To alter thus our ſhapes:
There's not a Fox but hath a tail,
Would ſer ye a dozen Apes.
Yet we, thou ſee'ſt, go bare-arſt all,
For each man to deride;
I tell thee, brother Aſſe, I bluſh

To ſée my own backſides,
I muſt endure a thouſand jeſts,
A thouſand ſcoffes, and ſcornes;
Nature deals hard with me for tail,
And hard with thee for hornes.
With this the ground began to ſtir,
And forth a little hole,
A creeping four legg'd creature came,
A thing to call'd a Mole:
Anoth he, My maſters I have heard
What faults you two do find,
'Bout tails and hornes, pray look on me,
By nature formed blind.
You have no cauſe thus to complain,
Of your, and your defect,
Nor uſe dame Nature hard with words,
If me you do reſpect.
The things for which you do complain,
Are unto me deny'd;
And that with patience I endure,
And more, am blind beſide.

Morall.

WEe oft complain, repine, and grudge
At our diſlik'd eſtate,
And deem our ſelves (our ſelves not pleas'd)
To be unfortunate;
None mark'd with more extreams then we,
None plung'd in ſorrow ſo;
When not by thouſand parts of want,
Our neighbour griefs we know.
Muſt men that have ſufficiency,
To ſerve for natures need,
Do wrong the God of nature, and
Ungratefully proceed.
They look on others greater gifts,
And enviouſly complain,

When

When thousands wanting what they have,
Contented do remain.

The Astronomer by night did walk
(He and his Globe together)
Having great business with the Starrs,
About the next years weather.
He did examine all the skie
For tempest, wind, and rain:
And what diseases were to come,
The Planets told him plain:
The disposition of the Spring,
The state of Summers tide,
The Harvest fruit and Winters Frost,
Most plainly he espi'd.
He did confer with Jupiter,
Saturn, and all the seven,
And grew exceeding busie with
Twelve houses of the heaven.
And while with staring eyes he looks
What newes the Starrs could tell,
Upon the sodden down he comes
Headlong into a Well.
Help then he calls or else I drowne
Oh help, he still did cry,
Untill it chanc'd some passengers
Came very early by.
And hearing him did help him out,
In a drowned Moules case:
Then questioned with him how he came
In that same cold wet place:
Marry (quoth he) I look'd on high,
Not thinking on the ground,
And tumbled in this scurvy Well,
Where I had like been drown'd.
Which when they heard; and knew his Art,
They smiling said, Friend Stranger,

What

Wilt thou foretell things ars to come,
And know't not present danger?
Hast thou an eye for heaven, and
For earth so little wit,
That while thou gazest after starts,
To tumble in a pit?
Wilt thou tell (looking o're thy head)
What weather it will be?
And deadly danger at thy foot
Thou hast no eyes to see?
We give no credit to thy art,
Nor do esteem thee wise.
To tumble headlong in a Well,
With gazing in the skies.

Morall.

MAny with this Astronomer
Great knowledge will pretend:
Those gifts they have, their haughty pride
Will to the skies commend.
Their looks must be aspiring for
Ambition aims on hie,
Fortunes advancements make them dream
Of Castles in the skie.
But while bewitching vanity
Deludes them with renown,
A sudden alteration with
A vengeance pulls them down:
And then the meaneſt sort of men,
Whom they do abject call,
Will stand in scorn and point them out
And censure of their fall.

GReat Alexander came to see
My mansion being a Tunne,
And stood directly opposite
Between me, and the Sunne.
Morrow (quoth he) Philosopher,

I yield the time of day.
Marry (said I) then Emperour
I pray thee stand away;
For thou deprivest me of that
Thy power hath not to give,
Nor all thy mighty fellow King
That on earth's foot-ball live:
Stand back, I say, and rob me not,
Nor wrong me in my right:
The Sun would shine upon me, but
Thou tak'st away his light.
With this he crept aside from me,
And smiling did intreat
That I would be a Courtier,
For he lik'd my conceit.
I'le have thy house brought nigh my Court,
I like thy vein so well:
A neighbour very near to me
I mean to have thee dwell.
If thou bestow that pain (quoth I)
Pray when thy work is done,
Remove thy Court, and carry that
A good way from my Tunne.
I care not for thy neighbour-hood,
Thy treasure trash I hate,
And do esteem my Lanthorn horn
As much as all thy gold.
The costliest cheer that earth affords,
(Take Sea and Air to boot)
I make far less account thereof,
Than of a Carrot root.
For all the Robes upon thy back,
So costly rich and strange,
This plain poor gown thou seest me wear
Thred bare, I will not change,
For all the Pearls and precious Stones
That are at thy command.

I will not give this little book
That here is in my hand:
For all the Countries, Cities, Towns,
And Kingdoms thou hast got,
I will not give this empty Tunne,
For I regard them not.
Nay, if thou wouldst exchange thy Crown,
For this same Cap I wear,
Or give thy Scepter for my staffe,
I would not do't I swear.
Dost see this Tub? I tell thee man,
It is my common-wealth.
Dost see yond water? 'Tis the wine
Doth keep me sound in health.
Dost see these roots that grow about
The place of my abode?
These are the dainties that I eat,
My bak'd, my roast, my sod.
Dost see my simple three foot-stool?
It is my chair of state,
Dost see my poor plain wooden-dish?
It is my silver plate.
Dost see my wardrop? Then behold
This patched seam-rent gown.
Dost see yond mat, and bulrushes?
Why th'are my bed of down.
Thou call'st me poor and beggarly,
Alas good sorefull King,
When thou art often sighing sad,
I chearfull sit and sing.
Content dwells not in Palaces,
And Courts of mighty men:
For if it did, assure thy self
I would turn Courtier then.
No, Alexander, th'art deceiv'd,
To censure on me so,
That I my sweet contented life

For troubles will forgoe.
Of a reposed life. tis I
Can make a just report,
That have more virtues in my Tan,
Then are in all thy Court.
For what yields that but vanities?
Ambition, envy, pride,
Oppression, wrongs, and cruelty:
Nay, every thing beside.
These are not of my company,
I'le rather dwell thus odd:
Who ever walks amongst sharp thorns,
Had need to go well shod.
On mighty men I cannot fawn,
Let flattery crouch and creep:
The world is naught, and that man's wise
Least league with it doth keep.
A Crown is heavy wearing Ring,
It makes thy head to ake:
Great Alexander, great accounts
Thy greatness hath to make.
Who seeketh rest, and for the same
Doth to thy Court repair,
Is wise like him, that in an Egge
Doth seem to find an Hair,
If thou hadst all the world thine own,
That world would not suffice:
Thou art an Eagle (mighty man)
And Eagles catch no flies.
I like thee for thy patience well,
Which thou dost shew to hear me,
Ile teach thee somwhat for thy pains,
Draw but a little near me.
Some honest proverbs that I have,
Upon thee Ile bestow,
Thou dost not come so wise to me,
As thou art like to go.

HEe that performs not what he ought,
But doth the ſame neglect,
Let him be ſure not to receive
The thing he doth expect.

When once the tall and lofty tree
Unto the ground doth fall,
Why every Peaſant hath an axe,
To hew his boughes withall.

He that for virtue merits well,
And yet doth nothing claim,
A double kind of recompence
Deſerveth for the ſame.

Acquaint me but with whom thou goeſt,
And thy companions tell:
I will reſolve thee what thou doeſt,
Whether ill done, or well.

He knows enough that knoweth nought
If he can ſilence keep,
The tongue oft makes the heart to ſigh,
The eyes to wail and weep.

He takes the beſt and choyceſt courſe
Of any man doth live,
That takes good counſell, when his friend
Doth that rich Jewell give.

Good horſe and bad (the rider ſays)
Muſt both of them have ſpurrs;
And he is ſure to riſe with fleas,
That lies and ſleeps with currs.

He that more kindneſs ſheweth thee,
Than thou art uſed unto,
Either already hath deceiv'd,
Or ſhortly means to do.

Birds of a feather, and a kind,
Will ſtill together flock;
Had need be very ſtraight himſelf,
That doth the crooked mock.

I have obſerved divers times
Of all ſorts, old and young,
That he which hath the leſſer heart,
Hath ſtill the bigger tongue.

He that's a bad and wicked man,
Appearing good to the eye,
May do thee many thouſand wrongs
Which thou canſt never ſpie.

In preſent want defer not him,
Which doth thy help require:
The water that is far off fetcht,
Quencheth not neighbours fire.

He that hath mony at his will,
Meat, drink, and leiſure takes:
But he that lacks muſt mend the pace,
Need a good foot-man makes.

He that the office of a friend
Uprightly doth reſpect,
Muſt firmly love his friend profeſt,
With fault, and with defect.

He that enjoys a white horſe, and
A fair and dainty wife:
Muſt needs find often cauſe by each
Of diſcontent and ſtrife.

Chooſe thee companions of the good,
Or elſe converſe with none;
Rather then ill accompanied,
Much better be alone.

Watch over words, for from thy mouth
There hath much evill ſprung:
It's better ſtumble with thy feet,
Than ſtumble with thy tongue.

Not outward habit, Virtue 'tis
That doth advance thy fame:
The golden bridle betters not
A Jade that wears the ſame.

The greateſt joyes that ever were
At length with ſorrows meets,
Taſt hony with thy fingers end,
And ſurfet not on ſweets.

A liar can do more than much,
Works wonders by his lies;
Turns Mountains into Mole-hills, and
Turns Elephants to flies.

Children that were unfortunate,
Their parents always praiſe,
And attribute unthriftineſs
Unto their foregone days.

When ſickneſs enters healths ſtrong hold,
And life begins to yield,
Mans fort of fleſh to parly comes,
And death muſt win the field.

The flatterer before thy face
With ſmiling looks will ſtand,
Preſenting hony in his mouth,
A Raſor in his hand.

The truly noble minded loves,
The baſe and ſervile fears:
Who ever tells a fool a tale,
Had need to find him ears.

To meddle much with idle things
Would vex a wise mans head:
'Tis labour and a weary work,
To make a dog his bed.

The worst wheel ever out of Cart,
Doth yield the greatest noyse;
Three Women make a market, and
They have sufficient voyce.

First least all fools desire to learn,
With stedfast fixed eyes:
In this all other Idiots are,
And they exceeding wise.

When once the Lyon breathless lies,
Whom all the Forrest fear'd:
The very Hares presumptuously,
Will pull him by the beard.

Cease not to do the good thou ought'st,
Though inconvenience grow:
A wise man will not seed-time lose,
For fear of every Crow.

One man can never do so well,
But some man will him blame:
'Tis vain to seek to please all men,
Jove cannot do the same.

To him that is in mysery,
Do not affliction adde:
With sorrow to load sorrows back,
Is most extreamly bad.

Shew me good fruit on evill Tree,
Or Rose that grows on Thistle,
Ile undertake at sight thereof,
To drink to thee and whistle.

Cenſure what conſcience reſtes in him
That ſwears he juſtice loves:
And yet doth pardon hurtfull Crowes,
To puniſh ſimple Doves.

There's many that to ask might have,
But his own ſilence croſt,
What charge is ſpeech unto thy tongue?
By asking pray what's loſt?

He ſerves for nothing that is juſt
And faithfull in his place,
Yet for his duty well perform'd
Is not a whit in grace.

He makes himſelf another ſlave,
And fears doth undergo,
That unto one being ignorant
Doth his own ſecrets ſhow.

On Neptune wrongfull he complains
That oft hath been in danger,
And yet to his devouring waves
Doth not become a ſtranger.

Age is an honourable thing,
And yet though years be ſo,
For one wiſe man with hoary hairs,
Three dozen fools I know.

FINIS.